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Miltons and spurious Shakespeares, tall Thomsons and short Spensers, fat Bacons and thin Longfellows, were to be found such books as "The Circle Squared," "Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses," "The Babylon Court Guide," "Sir C. Hutton on Dancing," "Canute on Tidal Waves," "Photographs of the Antients," etc.; these, with the titles of unwritten works of great authors, affording matter for thought.—*Builder*.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

GERMANY.—*Conversations Lexicon für bildende Kunst*.—Friedrich Faber, the editor of this work, born near Leipsic, May 29, 1816, died April 25, 1856, was one of those strange beings who renounced all the pleasures of this world for the purpose of leading a life of study. He graduated at the University of Leipsic, gained high distinction for his proficiency in philology, conceived an enthusiastic attachment for the study of the fine arts, and became in 1843 the editor of the *Conversations Lexicon*. He lived to complete this great work as far as the letter H, Heigelin being the last article which he wrote, when he was overtaken by death. His successor in the editorship is M. Lorenz Olasens, who is assisted by a select corps of artists and savants, and who issued in 1857, through the press of Emil Grail, of Leipsic, the first and second sections of the seventh volume of the Cyclopædia, comprising all remaining unpublished that had been written by Faber, and a small portion of the initiatory work of the new editor, who thinks to complete the whole work in about six to seven additional volumes. The work is illustrated, and highly spoken of by the German press for the originality and integrity of its execution. It must be borne in mind that Faber was not an editor in the American sense of the word—that he was not a mere literary speculator or *entrepreneur*, but that he wrote and revised himself all the articles from A to Heigelin, so that the fame of the whole work belongs to him, not only nominally, or in the trick-of-the-trade point of view, but actually to all intents and purposes. He was inspired in the execution of his work, not by a desire to pander to the prejudices of the public, or of ingratiating himself with those in power, influence, or authority, but simply by a love of truth, by a love of Art for its own sake. In the pharisaical circles of literature he was hardly known, and, to use his own words, he "kept studiously aloof from all the parasites, who court public favor, and who carry their heads very high, but who can bend them to the dust to gratify some unworthy patron." He used to say that he knew many of the men who keep their names daily before the public as editors of great works, to be impostors in disguise—men who make a living out of other men's thoughts, who hide their own incapacity and ignorance under all sorts and manner of pretensions; who, for a while, may blind the eyes of the world, but who eventually will stand forth in the naked impotence of their character—in the character of men who pollute and disgrace art and literature by acting as panderers to the greedy publisher, and as murderers of the poor scholarly laboring men who do the work, for which they pocket fame and money. Faber determined, therefore, to keep aloof from the venial set, and subjected himself to all possible privation for the purpose of producing a work which should not be stained by any dishonesty or fraud to the writer or the public—for the purpose of doing all the work himself, and thus standing out amidst the legion of sham editors, a *bona fide* originator, author, and reviser of the work which bears his name. As a specimen of his manner of treating his subjects,

we will quote his opinion on Haydon: "Haydon's life bears a striking resemblance to that of many unhappy poets who abound in modern literature. He reminds us of the general characteristics of the representatives of the 'Storm and Starvation Era' (*Sturm und Drangperiode*), and, in fact, one of them, Fuseli, was among his masters. It is difficult, however, to find his exact counterpart among them, although he may be likened, in some respects, to the poet Klinger, who seemed to feed upon lions' blood. But Klinger succeeded, at last, in securing an honest position in life. We know of only one who might be appropriately compared to Haydon. This is Grabbe. In fact, Haydon might be called 'the Grabbe of painting.' Grabbe persisted in writing dramas of such gigantic proportions that no stage was big enough to perform them on, and Haydon in painting pictures for which the largest drawing-rooms and picture-galleries were too small. It would not be difficult to trace all the mishaps of this man of genius to one single fact, viz., that his pictures were too grand for England, and for English rooms. The words which Goethe applied to the poet Christian Gunther might be applied to Haydon:

"Er wusste sich nicht zu zähmen, und so zerrann ihm sein Leben wie sein Dichten."

"England did not always come to his assistance, and, in truth, frequently declined doing so. The English, thorough egotists as they are, may have admired Haydon's 'high art,' but had not much use for it. If Englishmen order pictures, the pictures must represent John Bull exclusively, and no one and nothing else. John Bull wishes to have pictures of himself, or of his excellent spouse (Mrs. Bull), or of the little Bulls, or of the cows on his estate, or of the dogs of his favorite pack, or representations of his conjugal felicity and success—and all such pictures John Bull likes amazingly, if they are executed in colors as juicy and fleshy as that of a succulent slice of roast beef." Mark the difference! While all snobdom had not degrading epithets enough to heap contempt upon poor Haydon, the true-souled German scholar, traces his misfortune to the real culprit—the bestial and selfish coarseness of taste of John Bull.

Stuttgart.—Part of the news in the world of Art here, is the appearance of a new art paper, entirely devoted to Christian art (*Christliches Kunstblatt für Kirche, Schule, and Haus*). The editors are Schnaase, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and Grüneisen.

Prague.—Radetzky monument was inaugurated Nov. 13, in presence of the Emperor and the Empress of Austria. It cost over \$50,000, towards which the Bohemian Art Union contributed \$40,000. It was designed by Ruel, the director of the Vienna Academy, cast by Burgschmidt, of Nuremberg, and the sculptors Joseph and Emanuel Max, of Prague; the former of whom (Joseph) since died, and a pension is said to have been conferred upon his widow by the government.

MADRID.—A very curious dinner has just taken place in Madrid, and a private letter gives us a report. We should scarcely venture to meddle with anything so unpretending, but for the thoughts which were uttered there, remarkable alike in their source, and in their æsthetical tendency. The eminent banker, M. Salamanca, receives at his table, every Thursday, politicians and journalists of the Moderate party. To this weekly courtesy adds twelve gacettilleros (journalists) recently responded by inviting their opulent host to an entertainment of their own, at one of the modest restaurants of the Spanish capital. The invitation was accepted, and the dinner took place; the cost of the feast being eight reals, or one shilling and ninepence a head. Our correspondent takes up the tale:

"Instead of the basket of flowers usually placed at the centre of the table, stood a pyramid of books, surrounded by the busts of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Velasquez. The dinner has been more than modest and I would never have troubled you with it, were it not for M. Salamanca's speech, which, I think, is worthy to be reproduced.—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'about twenty-five years from this time, the old and threadbare cassock of Salamanca, then a student in the university of Granada, might be among the oldest and the most worn cassocks of his comrades. When my education was completed, I proceeded to Malaga, and made myself a gacettillero (journalist) of the Avisador Malagueño. The love of gold took possession of my soul, and it was in Madrid that I found the object of my adoration; but not without the loss of my juvenile illusion. Believe me, gentlemen, the man who can satisfy all his wishes has no more enjoyment. Keep the way you have entered on, I advise you. Rothschild's celebrity will cease on the day of his death. Immortality can be earned, but not bought. Here are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated liberal arts; their busts I have met with throughout the whole of Europe; but nowhere have I found a statue erected in memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money. To-day I speak to you with my feelings of twenty-two years, for in your company I have forgotten I am a banker, and only thought of my youth and days of gay humor.'"—*The Spectator*. (Eng.)

There is a sequel to the above. It seems that the dinner was concocted in order to hoax the banker. His good sense and earnestness, however, prevailed over the wit of his merry hosts, and instead of finding in him a butt for laughter, he won their respect and admiration.

ENGLAND.—A society of Female Artists exists in London, and their annual exhibition is now open. Most of the London papers speak of it as "pretty fair for women." One says, "the exhibition consists of 800 pictures, and that about half as many more were rejected, and if the numbers had been reversed, the exhibition would have been the gainer," all of which may be considered churlish comment. In order to show the character of the exhibition, we mention some of the titles of the pictures, by which it will be seen that the ladies are not frightened by difficulty of subjects. We have—"Scenes from the life of an old Bachelor and an Old Maid;" a single figure, "Viva Perpetua," which is highly spoken of; "Charity," a subject of truly feminine sympathy; "Christmas Carol;" sundry "Roman Scenes," à la Leopold Robert, etc. Landscapes, Fruit, and Flowers, of course, abound. We have the "Colossi at Sunrise—Thebes;" and sundry home scenes in oil and water color. In addition to the pictures, there are several pieces of sculpture, one of which, "Eli blessing Hannah and Samuel," possesses both power and feeling.—A young sculptor, an Irishman, by the name of Doherty, has produced a couple of works that are said to bear the stamp of genius. One is illustrative of a scene from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii"—"Glaucous and Ione;" and the other is symbolical of Ireland—"a half-nude female figure, standing with the right hand on the harp and the other uplifted to her lips as if recalling a strain which echo had repeated."—If any proof were wanting of the quackeries of Art, it surely can be found in the fact that, the "Frauds and Follies of Picture Dealers" are narrated and condemned in poetry. What a subject for the muses! A Mr. Novice has written "101 pages" of poetry on this subject, and he lashes his victims with little thought of damages for libel.—One thing may be

said of the English, they are never at a loss for reasons, however absurd, in support of their acts. Quite a discussion in parliament lately occurred relative to the building of the Foreign Office, and it became necessary that a member should defend the action of government in its adoption of the style of architecture of the building. This member assured the House that the decision respecting the style "was arrived at not by government, but by the site on which the building was to be placed;" and that the site having decided the style, "the selection of the architect was governed by the decision in regard to the site." This Bunsby wisdom has never been surpassed except by a New York Common Council, when it decided to erect the Tombs in Centre street.

BELGIUM.—The town of Malines has resolved to decorate the court of its town-house with statues, the first of which is to be one of a painter, Michael Onnie, who was born in the town, and is called the Raphael of Flanders.

PARIS.—Here are the prices which a number of pictures by prominent artists of the day, brought at an auction lately. To get at an estimate of value, the size of the pictures ought to be given; but that does not appear in the report of the sale. A "Landscape," by Diaz, brought \$160; "Turkish Women," by the same, \$80; "Bacchante," by Tassaert, \$128; "Sunset," by Th. Rousseau, \$180; "Smyrna Beach," by Decamps, \$210; "Landscape," by Troyon, \$180; "Chiens courants an Lancer," by the same, \$660; "Famille d'Artisans," by E. Frère, \$186; "Desdemona cursed by her Father," by Delacroix, \$450.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1859.

Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

OF figure subjects for our forthcoming exhibition, Eastman Johnson contributes an example at once original and remarkable. The picture represents several groups of negroes enjoying the air, according to negro fashion, in the rear of one of those dilapidated houses common to Washington City. Each group has special interest for the spectator, but all are harmonized by the power of music, as we readily see by looking at the banjo-player in the centre of the picture. The white personages introduced consist of two ladies on the extreme right of the canvas, their attitude and position showing that they have been beguiled out of an adjoining house to take a peep at the dusky Apollo. It would require some space to describe each group in detail, so as to convey an idea of the various incidents and characteristics of negro-life, which illustrate its poetry and humor. We can only state that the humor and poetry are there, and that the subject is faithfully studied and carried out in every particular.—Yewell, who is now in Paris, has sent home a small work, which, having no other title, we should christen "After Lunch." It represents a lad, called in Paris a *gamin*, but here, a loafer; he has just finished a repast of dry bread and an orange, the remnants of which a lean dog is eyeing wistfully, while the boy is in the act of lighting a match, the cigarette in his mouth, and the position of his hands, which are held so as to keep the wind from extinguishing the flame, indicating his object in doing so. In color, character, and execution, this picture is highly creditable to the